

No. 94

ANC

OCTOBER

10¢

BIG SHOT

BIG SHOT

NOW FOR THE
\$ 100,000
JACKPOT QUESTION—
—WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

UNCLE PAUL
CAN'T
REMEMBER!





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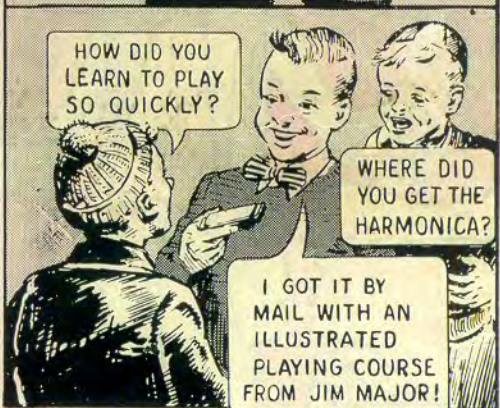
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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SPARKY Watts

DA-
DA!!

GA-
GOOO!

by
Boody
Roe's

60.

ISN'T THAT CUTE!
A BABY **GIANT**
AND A BABY
COWBOY!!

YES--BUT WE
MUST FIGURE OUT
SOME WAY TO
MAKE THEM MEN
AGAIN!

HAMMER &
SNAIL

YIPPE DE
DO DA-DA!

WE HAVEN'T THE RIGHT
TO SHRINK MEN BACK
TO THEIR BABY SIZES
AND AGES!

THERE'S
NO LAW
AGAINST
IT, IS
THERE?

SAW-HORSE

NATURALLY NOT--BECAUSE
NO ONE EVER DREAMED IT
POSSIBLE--BUT JUST THE
SAME, I THINK WE SHOULD
RESTORE THEM TO THEIR
PROPER AGE!

HOW
CAN
WE DO
IT?

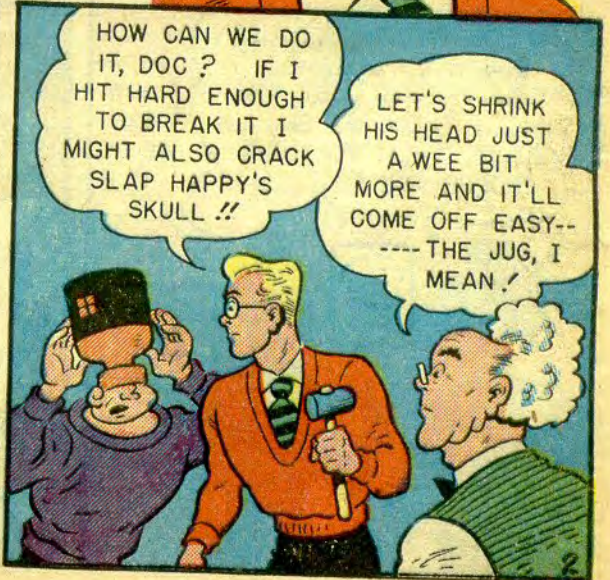
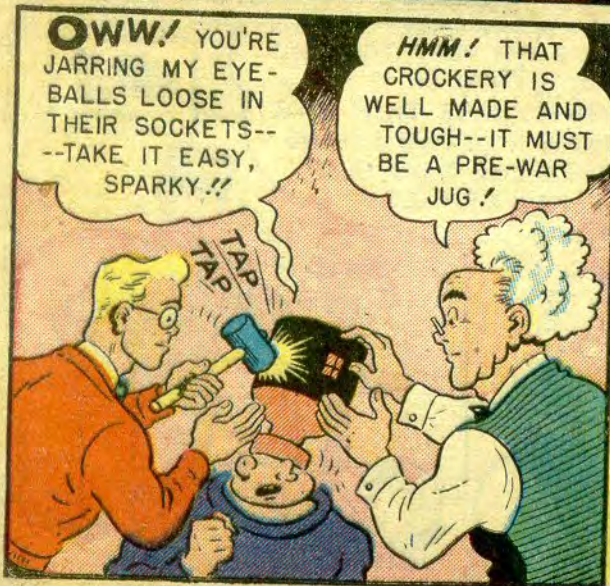
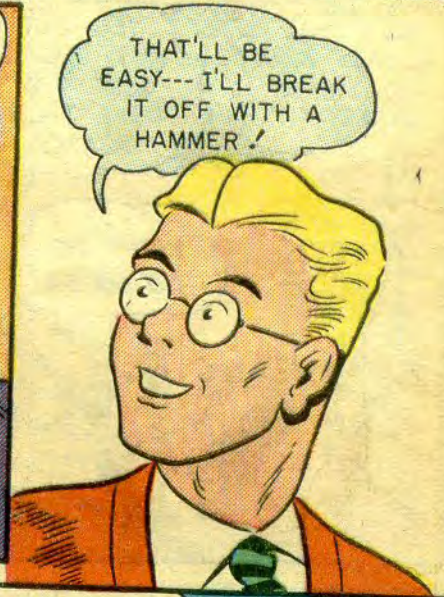
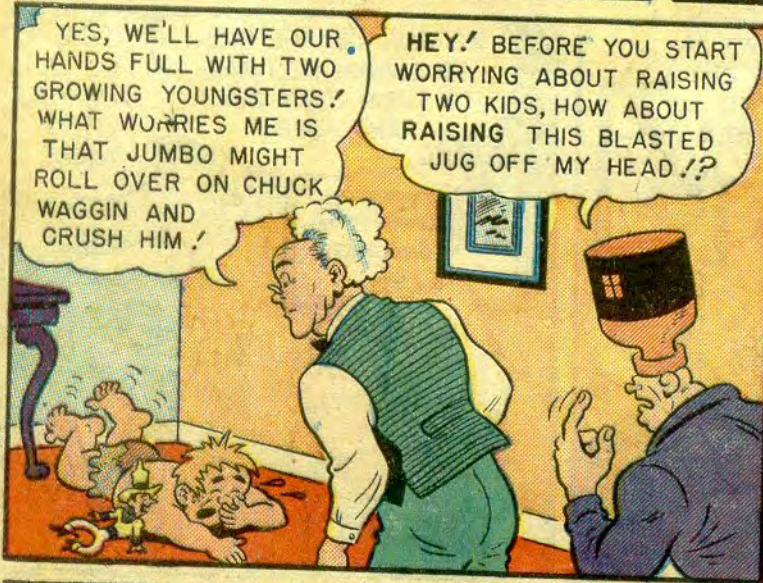
BREAD

AND
BUTTER

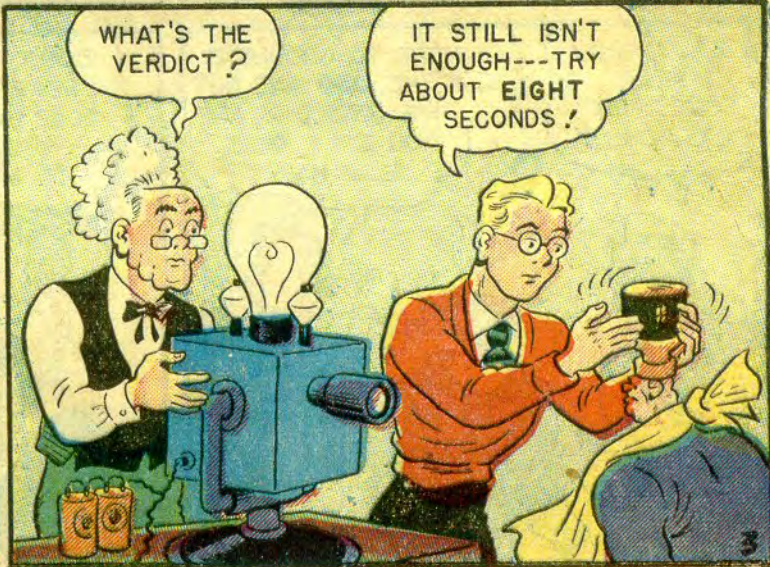
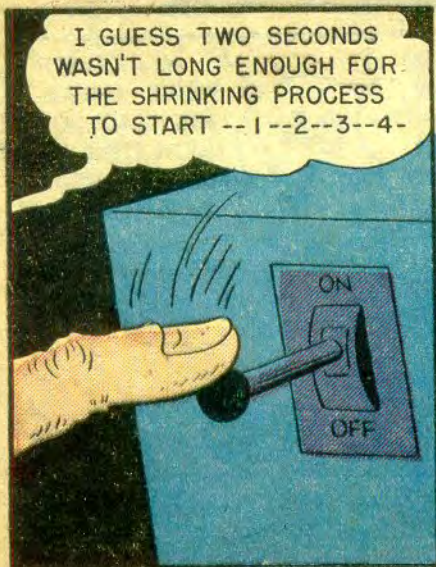
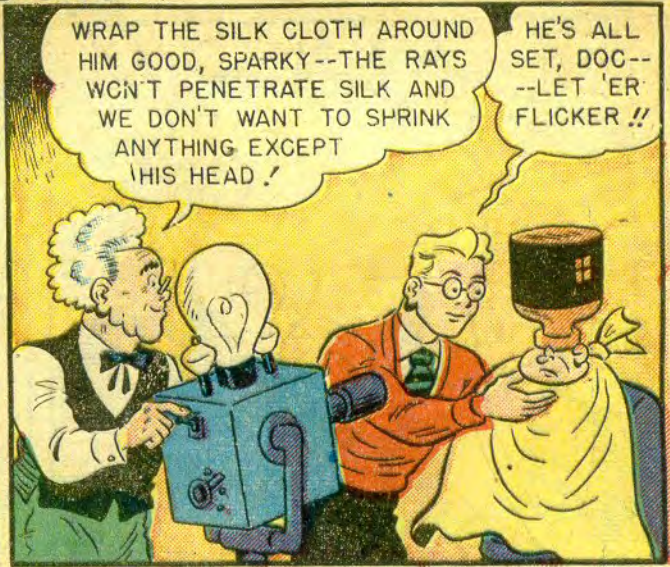
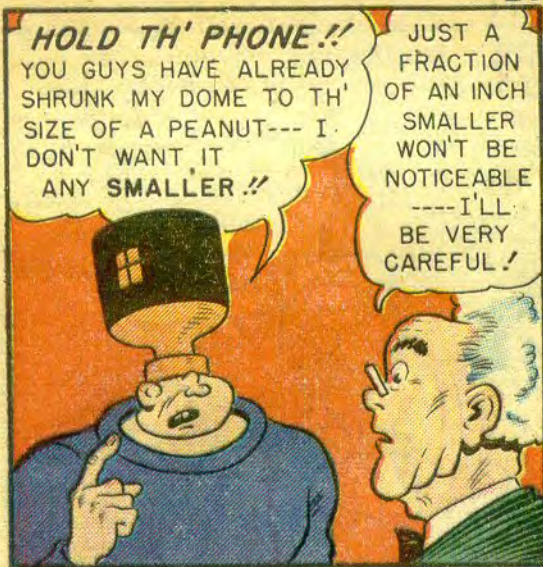
THAT'S THE RUB! THE ONLY
WAY I KNOW OF IS TO
OVER-CHARGE THEM WITH
COSMIC RAYS AND EXPAND
THEM LIKE I DID SLAP
HAPPY'S FEET!

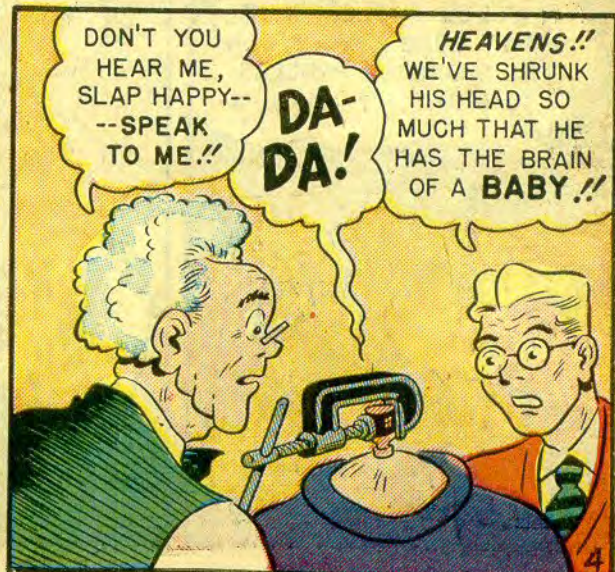
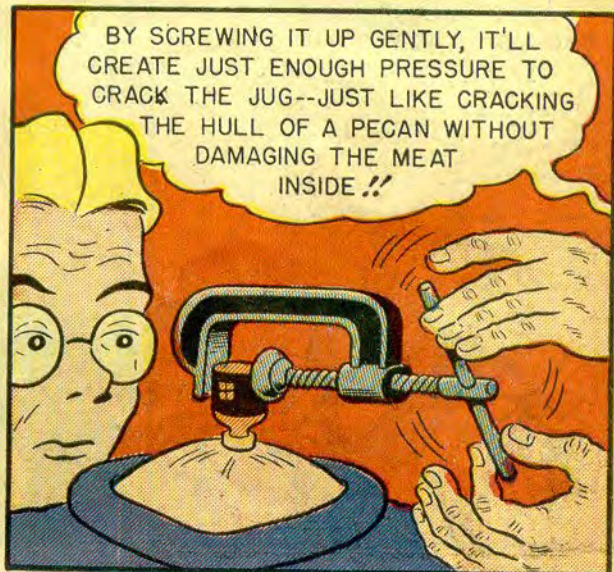
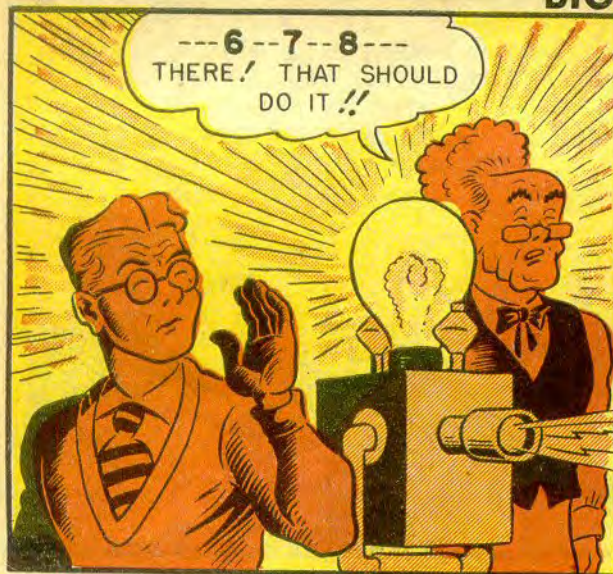
DOUGHNUTS

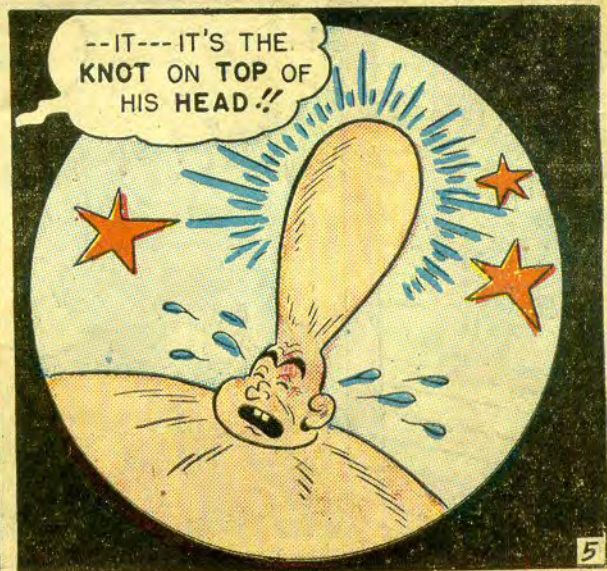
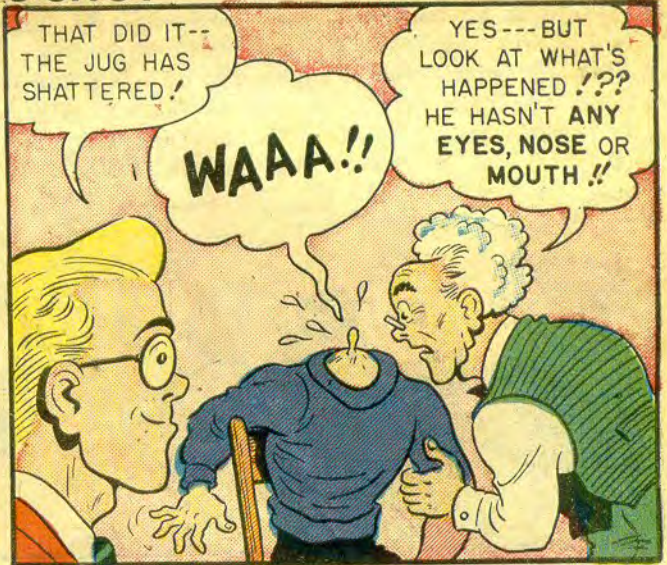
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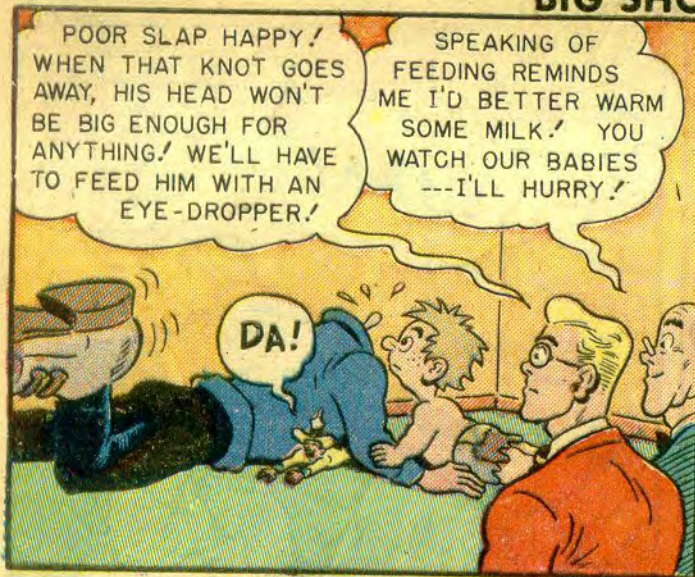


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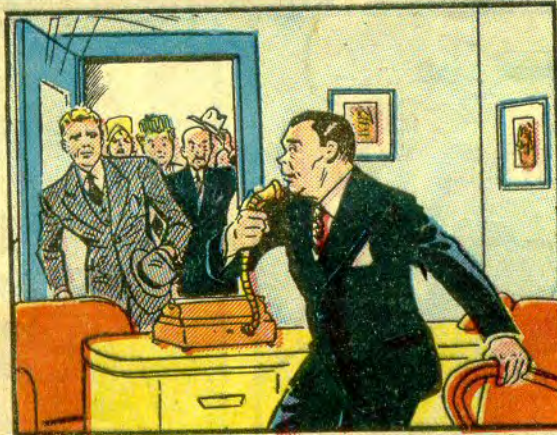




DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVoy and STRIEBEL

JIM
BRADLEY
HAD
SECRETLY
BEEN
REHEARSING
DIXIE FOR
THE LEAD
IN HIS
NEW PLAY
BUT HE
NEVER
INTENDED
TO USE
HER.



WHAT'S THIS I HEAR
ABOUT DIXIE DUGAN
PLAYING THE PART THAT
I, DONNA DONNA,
STAR, HAVE BEEN
REHEARSING
FOR WEEKS??

H-HOW
CAN I
TELL YOU
IF YOU
USE THAT
THING



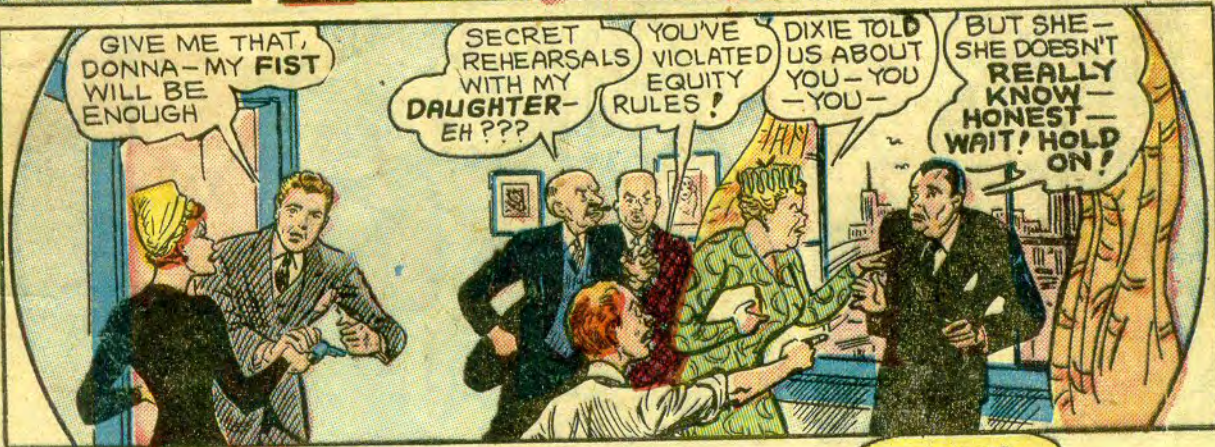
GIVE ME THAT,
DONNA—MY FIST
WILL BE
ENOUGH

SECRET
REHEARSALS
WITH MY
DAUGHTER—
EH???

YOU'VE
VIOLATED
EQUITY
RULES!

DIXIE TOLD
US ABOUT
YOU—YOU
—YOU—

BUT SHE—
SHE DOESN'T
REALLY
KNOW—
HONEST—
WAIT! HOLD
ON!



STAND BACK!
ONE MORE STEP
AND I'LL JUMP!

HE'LL JUMP,
SAYS HE!

YOU
PHONY

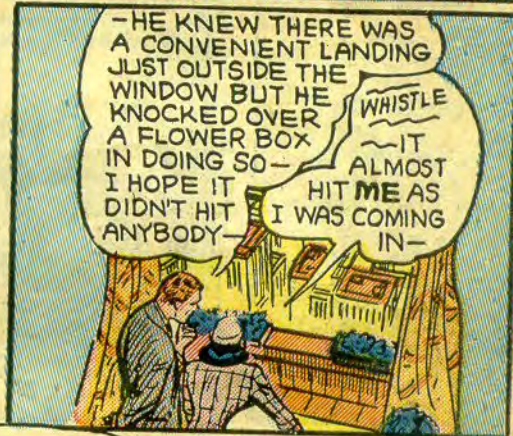
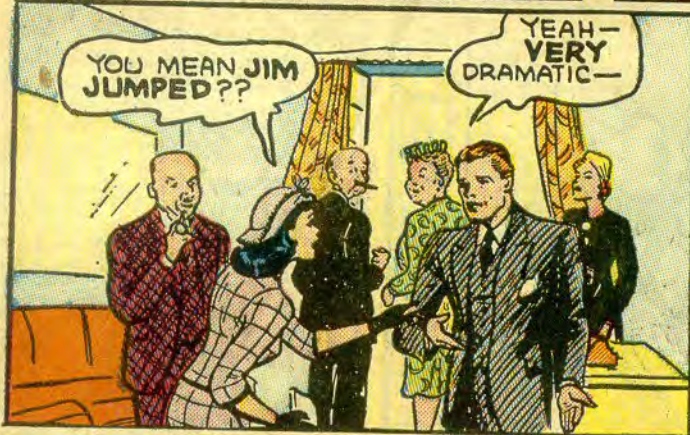
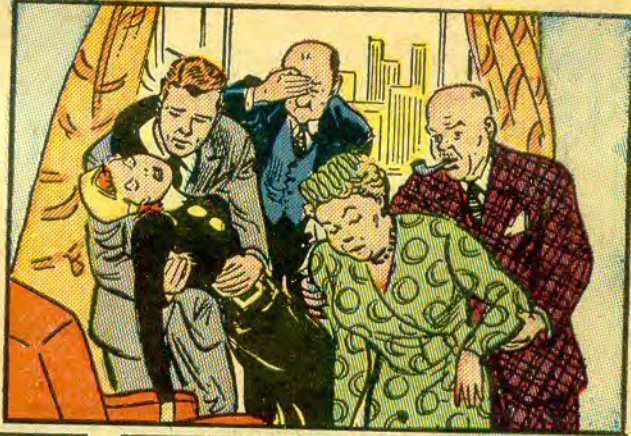
YOU
WOULDN'T
DARE!



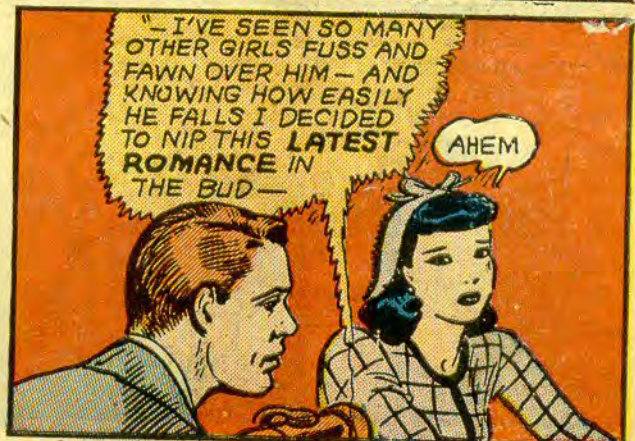
GO AHEAD—
WHY DON'T
YOU??



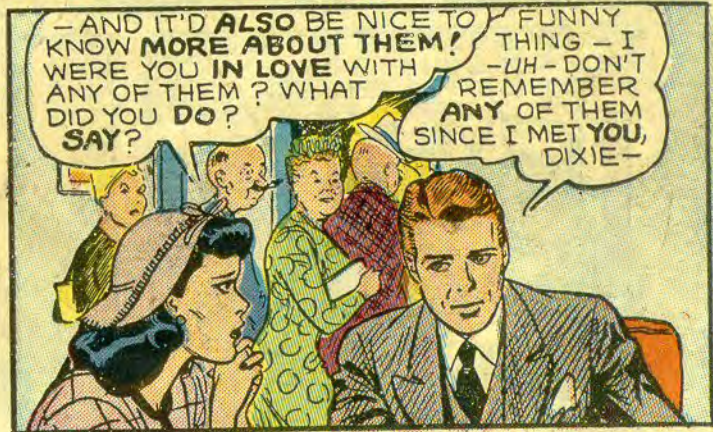
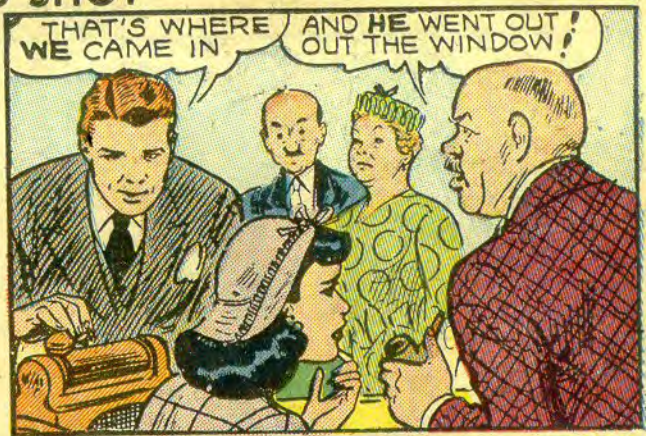
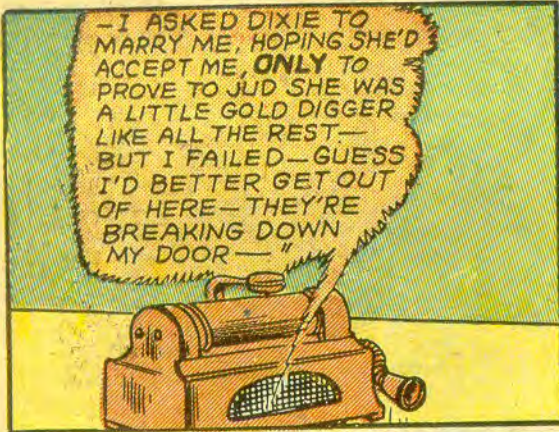
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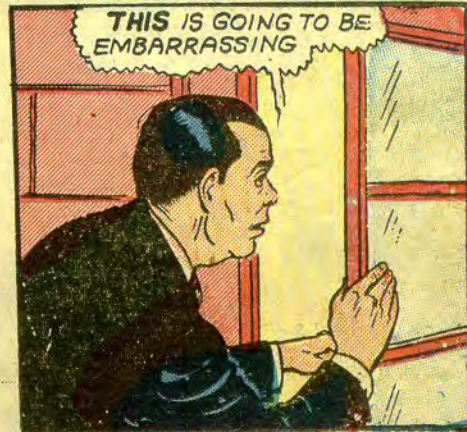
AND WHEN THEY DO THEY'LL HEAR JIM BRADLEY'S CONFESSION



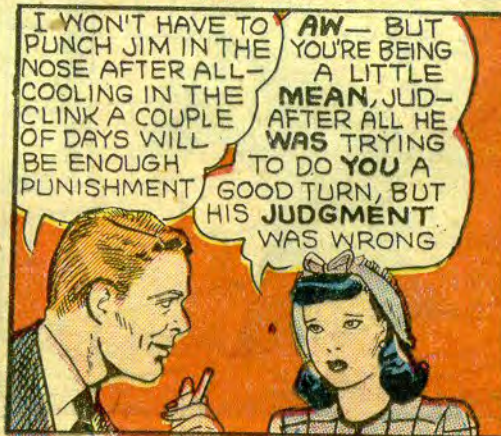
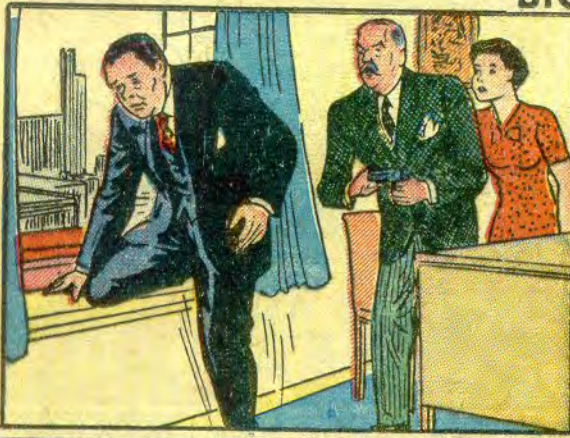
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WHAT HAPPENED TO JIM BRADLEY AFTER HE JUMPED OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW?



BIG SHOT



DIXIE DUGAN APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

IT'S A CLEVER GANG THAT'S PULLING THESE JOBS, MICKEY—THIS ONE LAST NIGHT MAKES 20 IN TWO WEEKS!—AND NOT A CLUE YET!

I KNOW, SERGEANT—AND THE PAPERS SURE ARE RIDING THE POLICE COMMISSIONER ABOUT IT!

THEY'LL BE RIDING US NEXT, MICKEY! AS SHERIFF, PHIL IS HEAD OF ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT IN THIS COUNTY! WHERE IS HE TODAY?

H-HE TOOK THE KIDS OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

OH, MY GOSH! A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY—AND THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY UP IN ARMS OVER THIS! WHAT A SHERIFF HE IS!

I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD COME IN, SERGEANT—BUT HE SAID IT WAS SUCH A NICE DAY THAT—



SHERIFF
PHIL
FINN
PRIVATE



IT WON'T BE SUCH A NICE DAY IF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALLS UP AND WANTS TO SEE HIM ABOUT—

?

IT'S THE D.A., SERGEANT—HE WANTS TO TALK TO PHIL!

I'LL TAKE IT, DELANEY—PUT HIM ON!

—AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING ABOUT IT, SERGEANT!

WELL—AH—I'LL HAVE HIM CALL YOU AS SOON AS HE COMES IN, SIR!



JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! WHEN DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE GETTING BACK WITH THE KIDS?

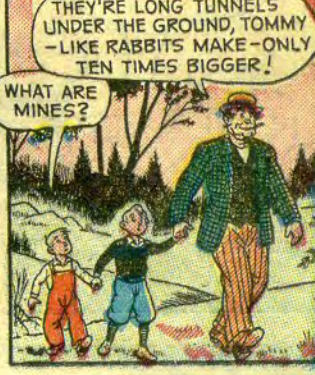
OH, HE'LL BE BACK BY NOON, SURE! HE WAS JUST TAKIN' THEM UP TO SILVER LAKE—AND THAT'S ONLY 20 MILES.

GEE, IT'S PRETTY! IS IT FULL OF SILVER, UNCLE PHIL?

NO, SUNNY— THEY JUST CALL IT SILVER LAKE BECAUSE YEARS AGO A CRAZY HERMIT THOUGHT THERE WAS SILVER IN THESE HILLS—AND DUG A LOT OF MINES

THEY'RE LONG TUNNELS UNDER THE GROUND, TOMMY—LIKE RABBITS MAKE—ONLY TEN TIMES BIGGER!

WHAT ARE MINES?



GOLLY—DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE IS ONE UNDER US RIGHT NOW, UNCLE PHIL?

I CAN TELL QUICKLY ENOUGH! IF THERE IS, THERE'LL BE A HOLLOW SOUND WHEN I JUMP—STAND BACK!

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY!



BIG SHOT

IT IS NOW LONG PAST NOON AND UNCLE PHIL HAS NOT YET RETURNED FROM HIS DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY WITH THE CHILDREN.

HAVE HIM CALL US THE MINUTE HE GETS BACK, MA - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WANTS TO SEE HIM!

VERY WELL, MICHAEL - THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON NOW.

HE MUST'VE TAKEN THEM BEYOND SILVER LAKE, MICKEY!

I DON'T THINK HE WOULD HAVE, SERGEANT - HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IN SOMEWHERE FOR LUNCH!

PHIL HAS DROPPED IN, ALL RIGHT - BUT NOT FOR LUNCH! HE HAS FALLEN INTO AN OLD MINE IN THE HILLS NEAR SILVER LAKE.

C-CAN YOU SEE HIM?

N-NO-IT'S ALL BLACK DOWN THERE!



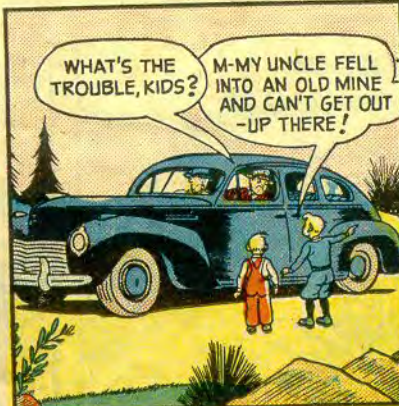
I-I SEE HIM NOW! HE'S TRYIN' TO CLIMB BACK UP!

UNCLE PHIL! ARE YOU HURT?

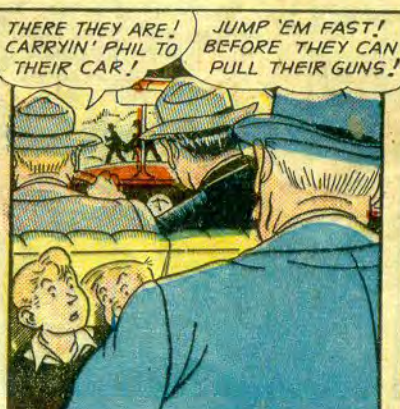
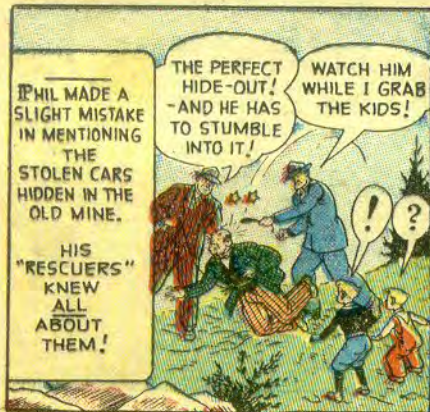
N-NO- I-I'M OKAY! BUT I CAN'T GET UP TO THAT HOLE WITHOUT HELP! SO LISTEN TO WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO -



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

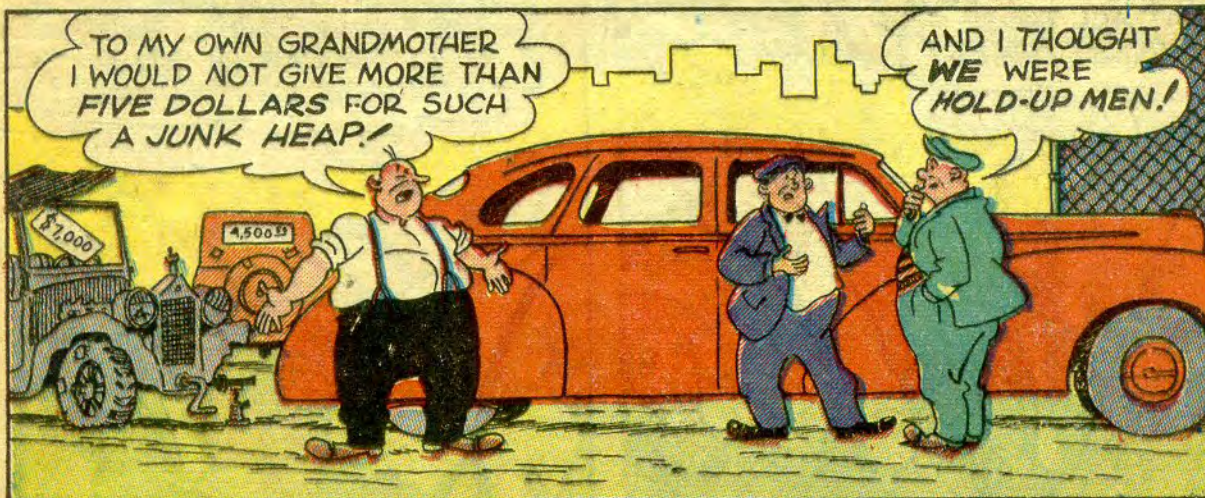
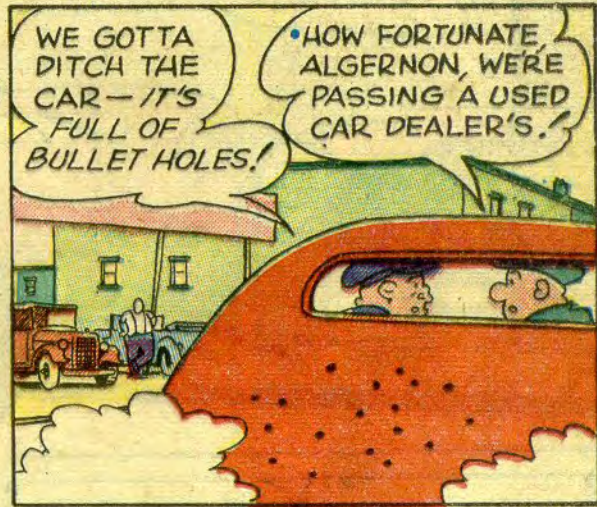
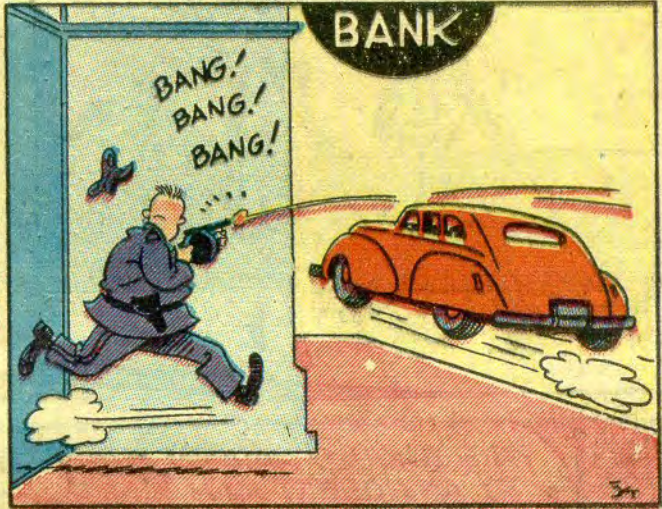


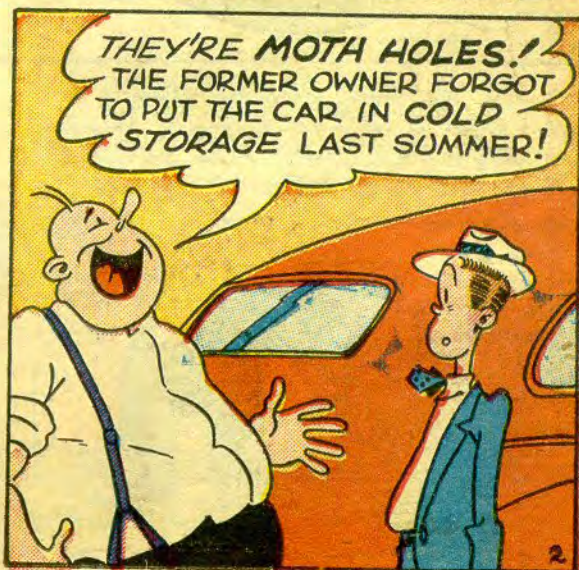
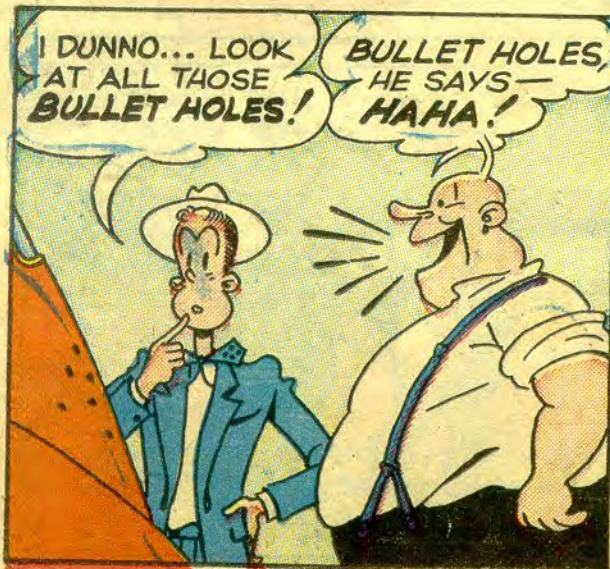
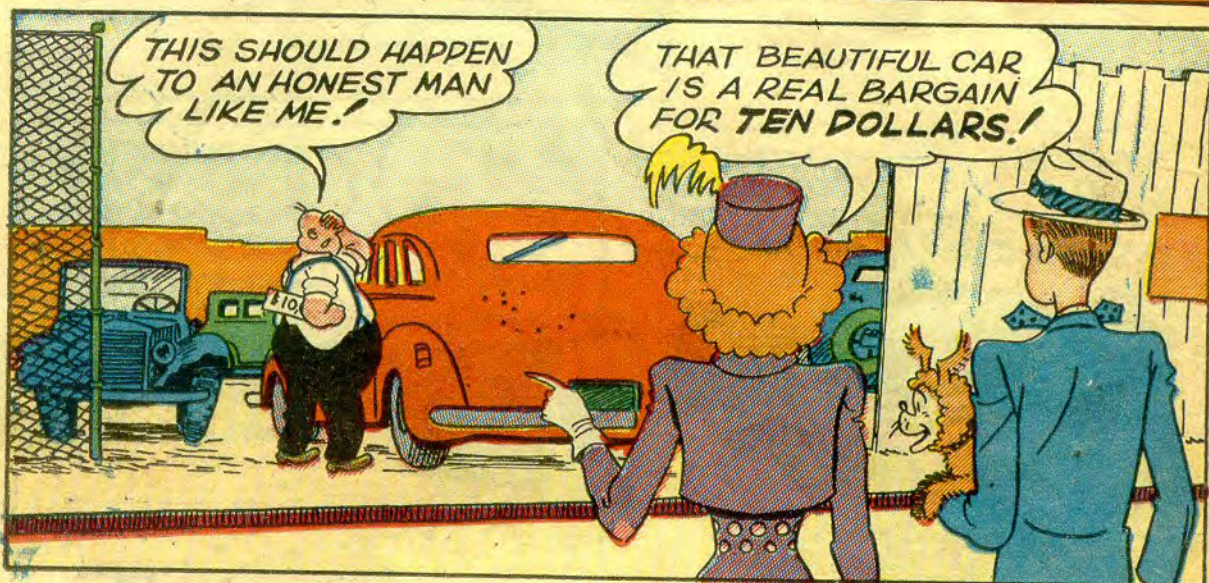
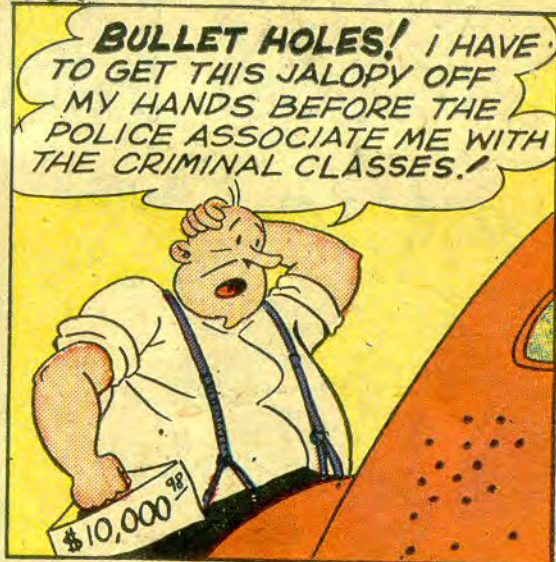
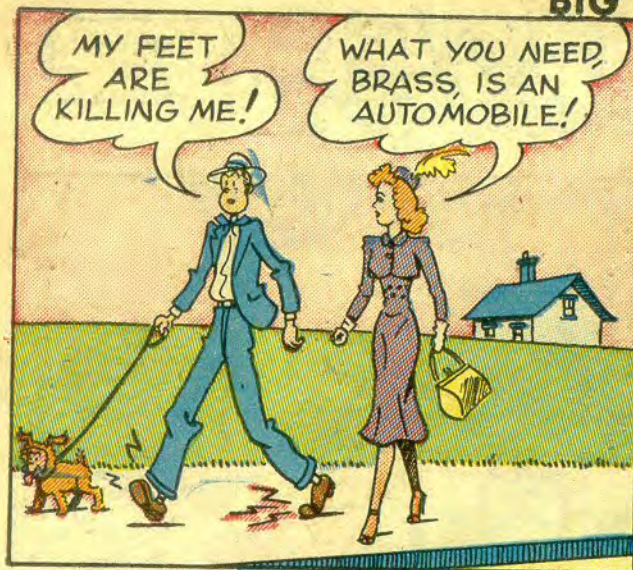
BRASS KNUCKLES

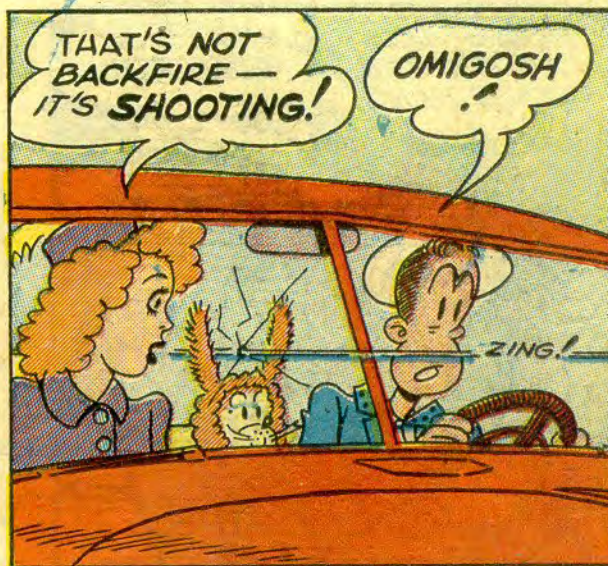
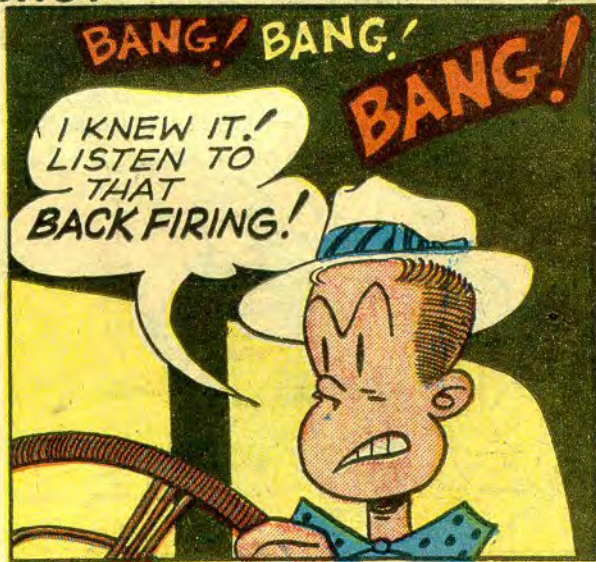
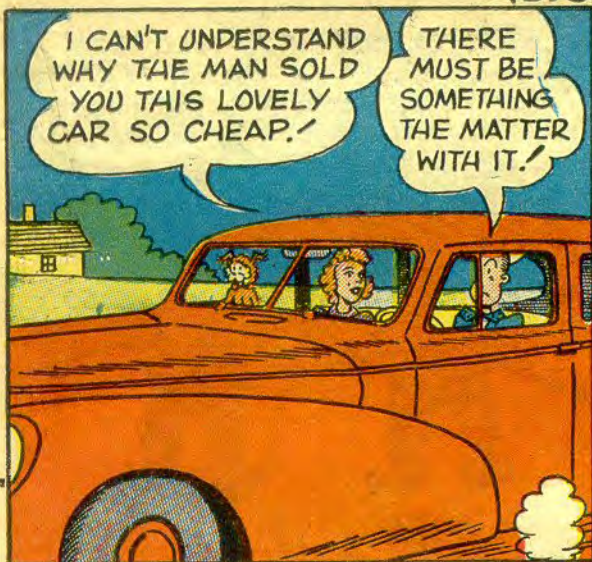
by MARTY MARION



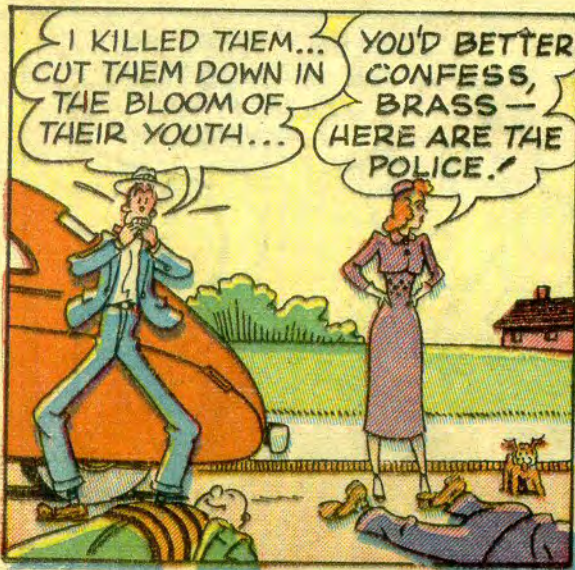
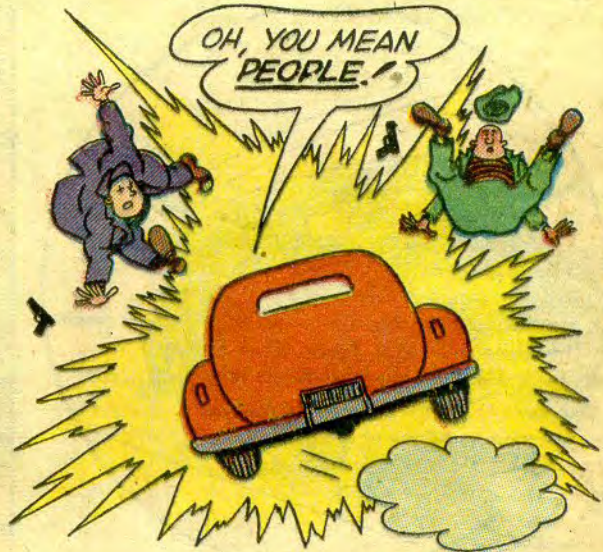
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BIG SHOT



"I Wonder What's Become of —"

By MART BAILEY

GOOD OLD BUMPY was both disappointed and perplexed. The evening newspapers carried no account of Jack Beerymore's sudden departure for the Other World. There was only a brief paragraph, appropriately near the obituaries, which mentioned the continued absence of the popular actor, who had vanished three days before, on the opening night of his latest play.

Good Old Bumpy had expected to read that the body had been found in a sewer or a sack—or wherever the cognoscenti hide such matters that might involve them with the Police.

For that Jack Beerymore was now numbered among the Faithful Departed, Good Old Bumpy was certain, because on the very night of Jack's disappearance a revolver was emptied upon their mutual friend, Don Gilholy. You will remember that Don Gilholy's Broadway column had recently stirred the ire of the Underworld; and to this, Good Old Bumpy ascribed this subsequent violence. The bullets frightened eight lives of a tomcat sleeping in a geranium bed, and missed the columnist, who was just leaving for the theater. But Good Old Bumpy feared that Jack Beerymore had been less fortunate.

It was, decided the red-haired young man with the enormous brow and the large, bumpy nose, an occasion when a fellow needed a *Genalo Paradise Fizz* to comfort his distraught soul. And since the lanky form that housed his distraught soul was already cramped into one of the tight little wooden booths of Genalo's Paradise Grill, he pressed the buzzer for service.

At the moment, however, Apollo, the sour-pussed gorilla who tended to the spiritual needs of Mr. Genalo's customers, was otherwise engaged. A scarecrowish hunchback, whose matted red hair framed a nightmarish face, had gained admittance by following at the heels of a more respectable customer; and Apollo was now forcefully ejecting him.

When he had ousted the scarecrow, however, Apollo suddenly relented and gruffly asked what he wanted. The hunchback, displaying a pair of antique collar buttons, mumbled something about unemployment and seven children. Two big tears rivuleted down Apollo's simian countenance. With a grandiose gesture, Apollo handed the unfortunate a quarter and gave him permission to try his luck with the customers.

Seemingly stunned by this unexpected generosity, the hunchback collected a few dimes

from the foggy-eyed men who stood at the bar. Upon coming face to face with Butsy Ratsoff, Benny Ratsoff's baby brother, he staggered in his tracks, but the short, thickset underworldling attributed this reaction to palsy and doubled his contribution. The hunchback lost no time, however, in shuffling towards the booth where Good Old Bumpy sat.

The lanky young man with the bumpy nose groped instinctively for his wallet. Snatching the twenty-dollar bill which Good Old Bumpy automatically extended, the nightmarish beggar whispered in a cackling voice: "Don't get that Alice in Wonderland look in your piggish eyes. Jack Beerymore sent me. Come quickly to 711 West Ache Street. And bring two charcoal steak dinners with a side dish of roast duck and a bottle of *Genalo's Paradise Fizz*."

Despite himself, Good Old Bumpy could feel the Alice in Wonderland look creeping into his porcine blue eyes as he realized that Jack Beerymore was alive and wanted his help.

A short yelp snapped his reverie, and he saw the hunchback scurrying towards the door. The next instant a terrific slam told that the beggar had gone. And the most astonished person in Genalo's Paradise Grill was Butsy Ratsoff, who had just taken out his .44 automatic pistol to explain to Apollo the intricacies of the gunmaker's art.

711 WEST ACHE STREET was a five-story pile of dirty red bricks, fire escapes, and garbage cans.

Good Old Bumpy, hearing the scrape of stumbling feet as he climbed the iron bannistered stoop, glanced over his shoulder and saw the hunchback coming up the steps, his bloated lips stretched over doggish teeth in what was meant for a friendly greeting.

Without a word, the beggar gripped Good Old Bumpy's wrist in a clawlike hand and hurried him up five flights of creaking stairs through a solid mass of stale cooking odors to a leprous looking door, which he opened with a jangling bunch of keys. Furtively, the hunchback darted inside the dark room and pulled the shade down over the single window.

The unshaded light which the nightmarish man pulled on showed the room to be small, dirty, and disordered. The flowered wallpaper had hung in tatters since about 1918; clothing

BIG SHOT

was strewn upon the solitary chair and across the patch quilt that covered the iron bed. From under an untidy bureau peeped a huge, battered trunk.

The hunchback turned with another horrible grin and, pushing his guest aside, bolted and re-bolted the door.

Good Old Bumpy felt as if he had been thrust into an especially morbid melodrama. He suspected that the body of his actor friend had been stuffed into the battered trunk under the bureau.

"Where's Mr. Beerymore?" he demanded with a frown.

The hunchback jumped nervously. "Sh!" he hissed, his nightmarish face pale beneath its filth. "Don't talk so loud! Tell me, were you followed?"

"Followed? No, I don't think so. But where's—"

The nightmare chuckled and performed a miracle. The monstrous teeth, the John L. Lewis brows, the matted red hair sailed onto the bed; the ragged coat slipped to the floor, and the beggar's fingers worked over the straps that bound an artificial hunch to his back.

Good Old Bumpy stared.

Jack Beerymore, the missing actor, stood grinning before him.

"I knew you all the time," said Good Old Bumpy.

The actor stopped wiping the grime off his face. "No!"

Good Old Bumpy lighted a cigaret and nonchalantly exhaled the first geyser of smoke. "Positively did."

"But how?"

"That hair. Impossible color."

"It's the exact shade of your own!" retorted the actor, his pride outraged, because his genius for disguise was one of his most cherished accomplishments.

Good Old Bumpy shrugged. "I wasn't the only one who recognized you."

"You mean Butsy Ratsoff knew it was I?"

"Butsy Ratsoff? Was that—"

"Yes. Benny Ratsoff's brother, who succeeded him in the Underworld. . . . Do you think he knew me?"

"He drew his pistol for the coup-de-grace, so to speak, didn't he?"

Jack Beerymore groaned. "You must help me!" He grasped the lapels of his friend's coat. "You got me into this mess!"

Good Old Bumpy lifted his eyebrows. "You're nerts! Stark, raving nerts!"

"I'm not. You introduced me to Benny Ratsoff as Limehouse Louey, a British trigger-man, who went around with a sign, 'This Gun for Hire. Reasonable Rates,' hanging from my .44."

"You wanted money to save your play, didn't you?"

"Sure. But I didn't want to get mixed up with the Underworld. Remember that envelope addressed to Limehouse Louey and containing thirty thousand dollars which arrived at Jerry Swancourt's place a couple of days after the Fourth of July, after we scared Benny Ratsoff and his mob by setting off the firecrackers and stuff? You ought to, because you kept ten thousand dollars for yourself as commission."

Good Old Bumpy shrugged the matter aside as negligible.

"Well," continued the actor, "Benny Ratsoff expected me to earn that money."

"He did!"

Jack Beerymore nodded, his classic features a mournful mask.

"You mean he actually expected you to bump off our chum Don Gilholy?"

Again the doctor nodded.

"Wait till Don hears this!" Good Old Bumpy chuckled. "But what has that to do with your disappearance? Benny is honeymooning somewhere in South America."

"I know. But his little baby brother with the pearl-handled machine guns is still here." The actor slumped on the bed and began moodily chewing on one of the charcoal steak dinners which Good Old Bumpy had brought along. "A week after I received the envelope, Butsy came to Plurttotles Manor, Jerry Swancourt's place, and told me that his big brother Benny was dissatisfied with my delay. He said if I didn't fulfill my part of the contract soon, I'd go for a one-way ride myself. I'd have confessed and given back the money; but the money was already spent, and there was a mean look in Butsy's baby blue eyes that indicated he would not react favorably should he discover it had all been a joke. So I kept quiet, and agreed to live up to your recommendation. You said I was a trigger-man extraordinary, remember?"

"I did?" Good Old Bumpy laughed softly. "That's funny."

Jack Beerymore scowled. "I phoned my managers to change the name of the play and the name of the principal character, so as to obliterate forever 'Limehouse Louey.' Everything went all right for another week, until Butsy and two gorilla chums called again at Plurttotles. This time I was in New York, but Jerry, knowing nothing of my circumstances, gave them my address. They arrived at my place just as I was about to leave for the theater. They said that I had to keep my bargain that night, and insisted upon trailing along—to get a few pointers from a real trigger artist."

Good Old Bumpy whistled. "So it was you who fired upon Don Gilholy?"

"Yes," replied the actor through a mouthful of charcoal steak and French fried potatoes. "But I didn't mean to shoot him." He looked up from the cardboard plate on his knees and, his eyes shining, inquired eagerly, "Did I?"

The SKYMAN

By *Golden Whitney*

YOU KNOW THE LAYOUT OF THIS LAIR BETTER THAN I DO, FAWN! WHAT'S THE ROUTE OF LEAST RESISTANCE INTO THAT RAT-TRAP?

HM-M, SLOGGA'S SHIP RETURNS EARLIER THAN EXPECTED -- MOST STRANGE! CONTACT THEM OVER THE INTER-CODE COMMUNICATION LINE, SKARR! AT ONCE!

USING A LITTLE "DOWN TO EARTH" STRATEGY, SKYMAN AND ALEC ELUDED THE FLOOD OF FOOT GUARDS DISPATCHED FROM THE GROUNDED VENUSIAN SPACE CRAFT... THEN, DOUBLING BACK TO THE CRAFT, SKYMAN TAKES COMMAND, LEAVING THE RAGING CAPTAIN SLOGGA AND HIS MEN MAROONED... NOW, GUIDED BY FAWN AND GLORIA, WHO WERE ABOARD THE SHIP, SKYMAN HOVERS BEFORE SLOGGA'S HIDEOUT, WHERE THE LAST OF THE EARTH PRISONERS ARE BEING HELD....

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE STUCK ME WITH THE SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR DILEMMA! THE ONLY ENTRANCE THAT I KNOW OF IS PROBABLY LOADED WITH HIDDEN LIZARDS!

TOWER DOME TO SPACE CRAFT -- GIVE CODE SIGNAL -- GIVE CODE SIGNAL, CAPTAIN SLOGGA

OH-OH, SOME CUTE CHARACTER WANTS TO CHAT OVER THE "PHONE" IN CODE! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

BIG SHOT

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE HIDEOUT, DEUCE WILDE AND THE OTHERS, NEGLECTED BY THE GUARDS, WANDER ABOUT THE LONG PRISON CORRIDORS....

SINCE SLOGGA SHAVED OFF, DEM GUARDS BEEN GIVEN US TH' RUN OF TH' JERNT!

YEAH, WE CAN RUN ANY PLACE--EXCEPT OUT OF HERE!



HEY, HOW'S ABOUT DAT "TOWER DOME" DOOR, NELSON? IT AIN'T EVEN LOCKED!

NO DICE, DEUCE! THE WAY I FIGURE IT, WE'RE CAGED UP ON THE SIDE OF A MIGHTY BIG MOUNTAIN AND THE ONLY LOGICAL LINE OF ESCAPE IS DOWNWARD! GOING UP WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME!



MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO, BUT I'M CONNA TAKE A GAMBLE! ARE YA COMIN'!?

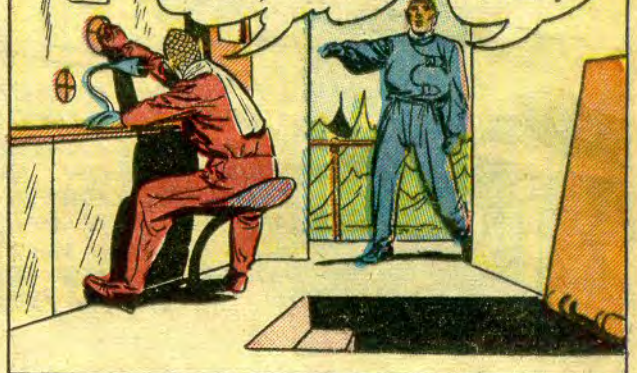
WEL--L-- ALL RIGHT, DEUCE, WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY!



ATTENTION, SPACE CRAFT-- GIVE CODE SIGNAL!

THERE'S NO RESPONSE ON BOARD, RAYON!

ALERT ALL POSTS TO PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!



AND AT THAT INSTANT, DEUCE REACHES THE TOP OF THE TOWER STEPS....

ATTENTION ALL POSTS -- ATTENTION!

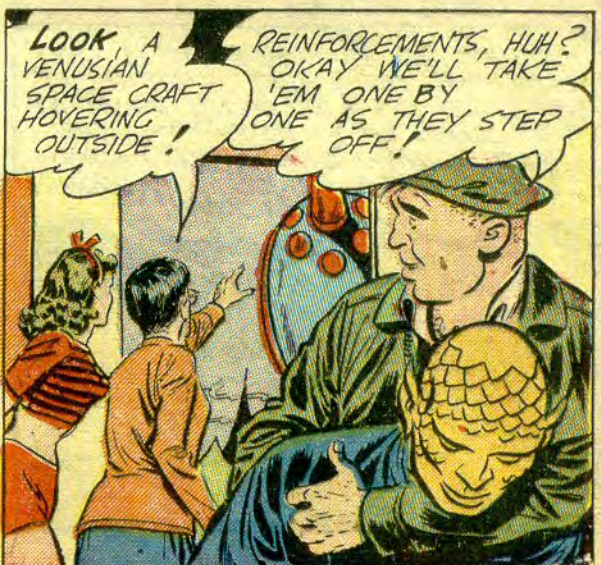
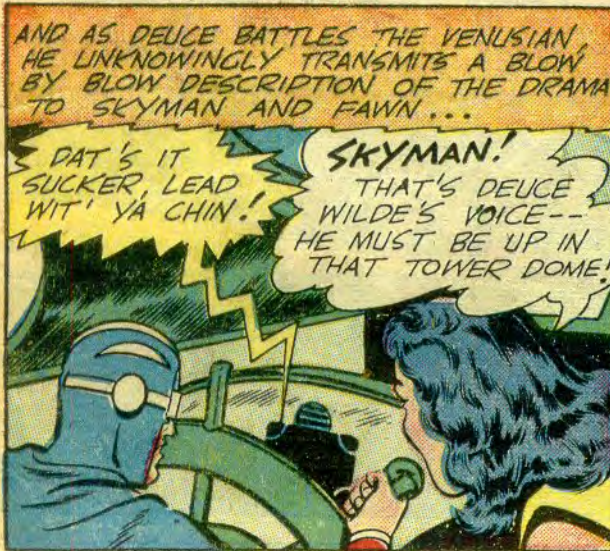
THAT MONKEY'S CONNA GET PLENTY OF ATTENTION--FROM ME TRUSTY WRENCH!

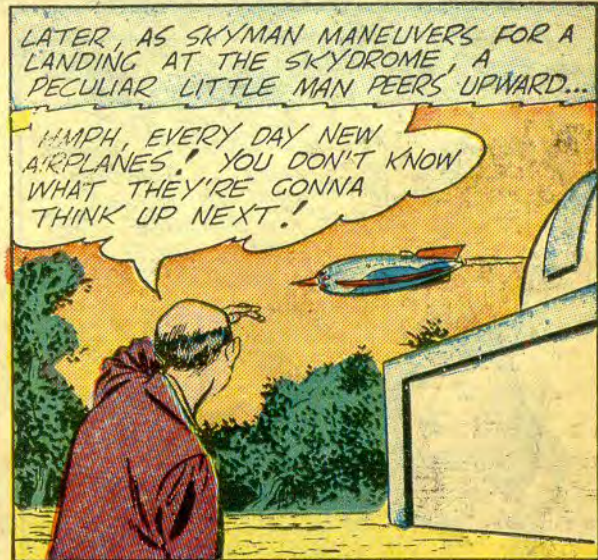
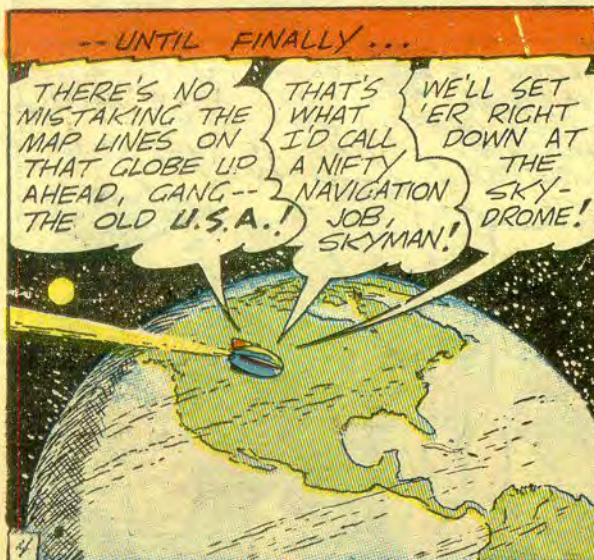
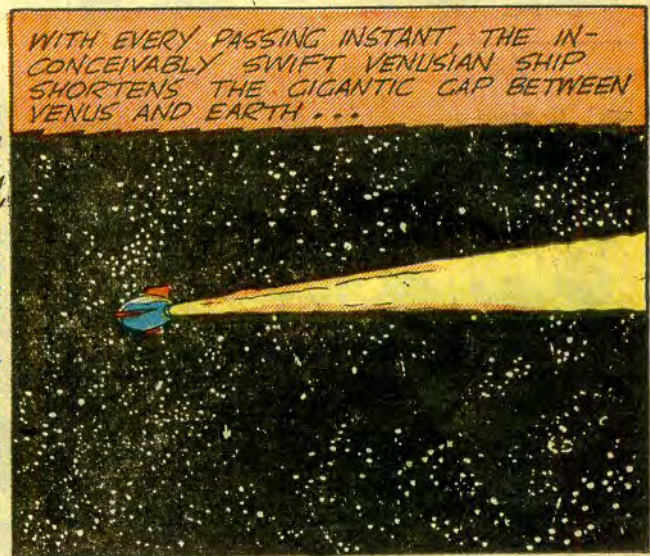
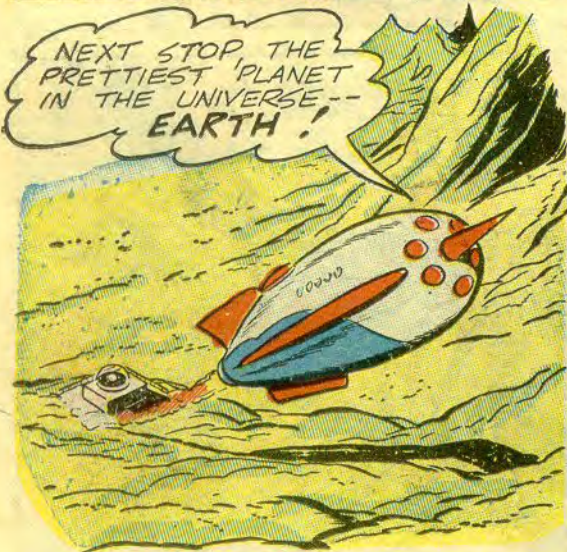


PREPARE TO OPEN--

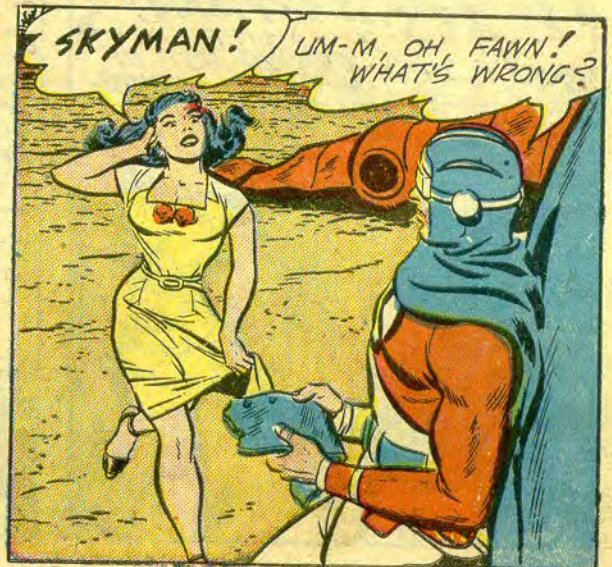
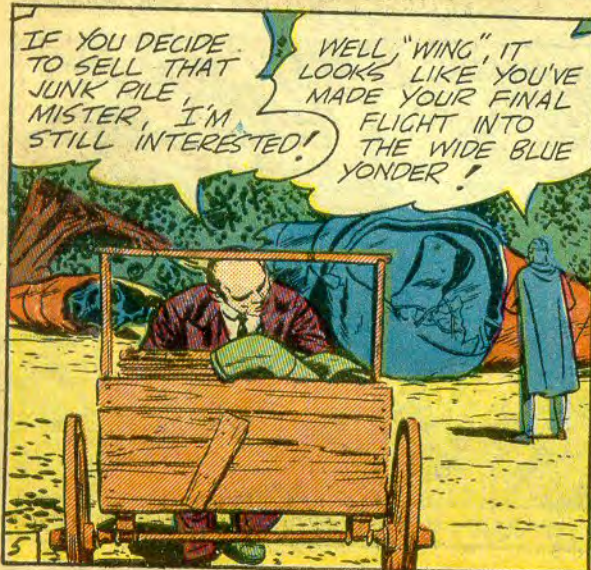
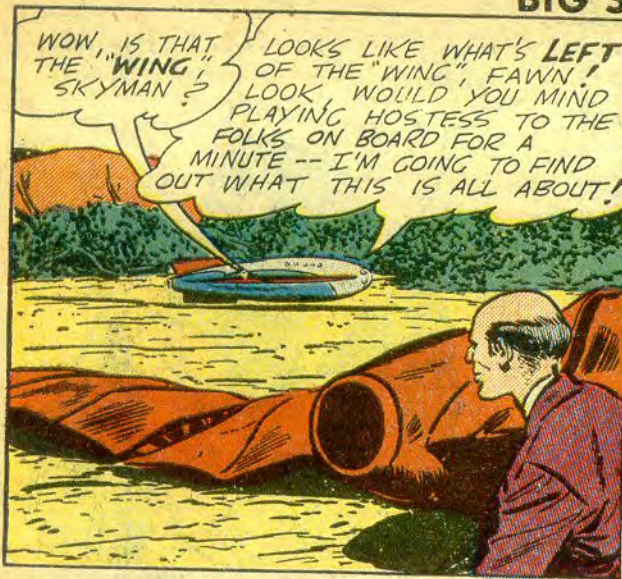
PREPARE TO PASS OUT, PRETTY BOY!



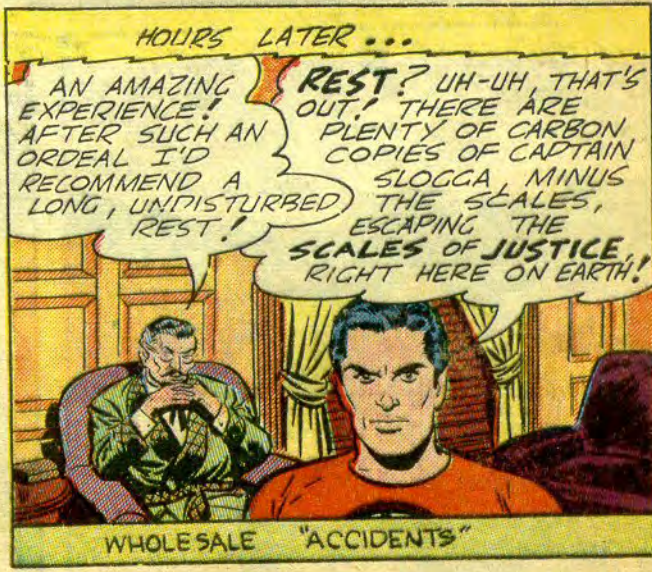
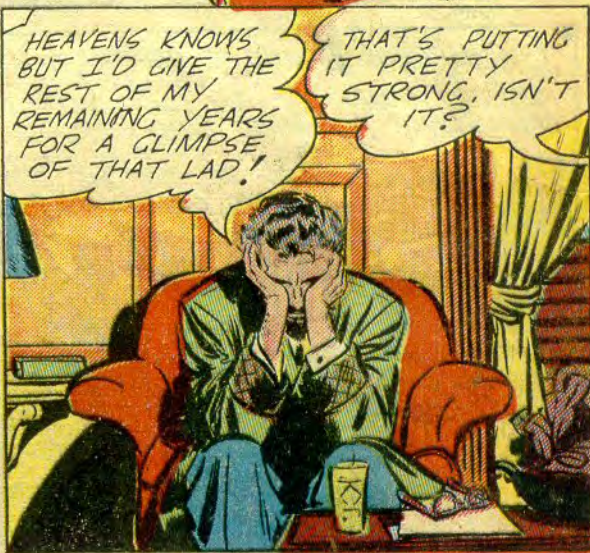
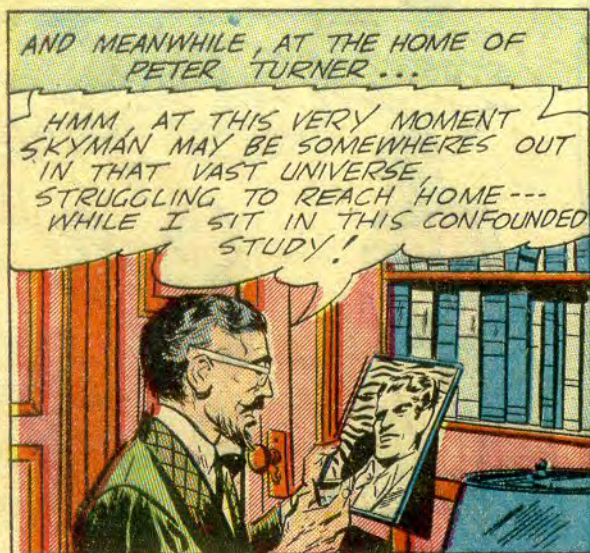
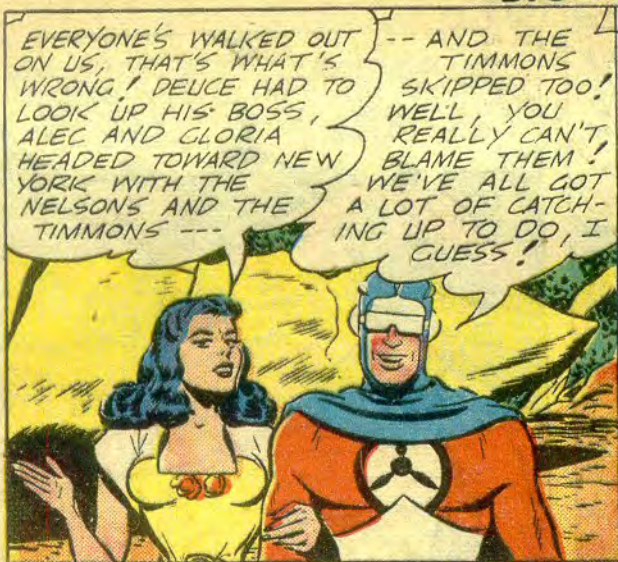




BIG SHOT



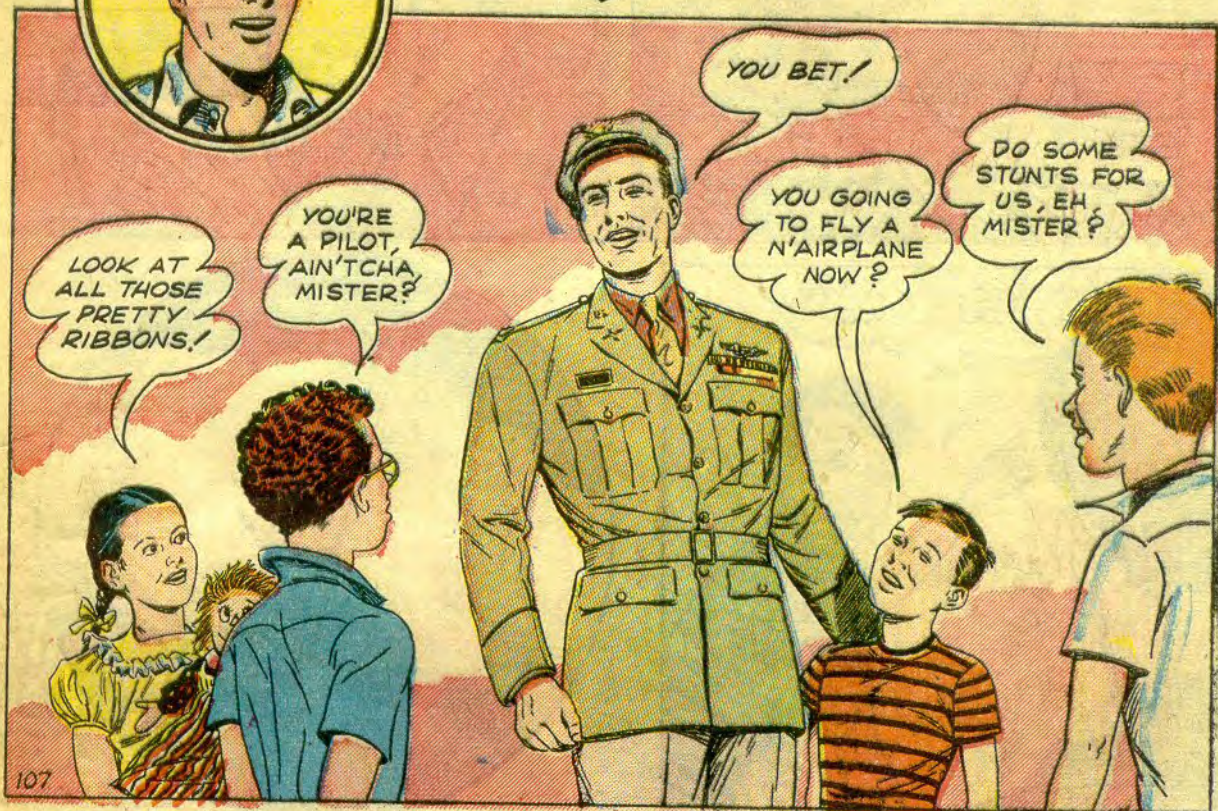
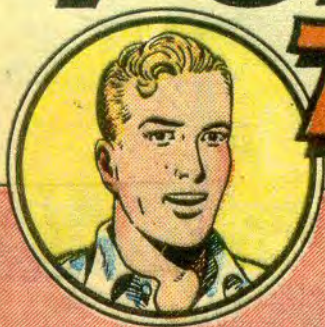
BIG SHOT



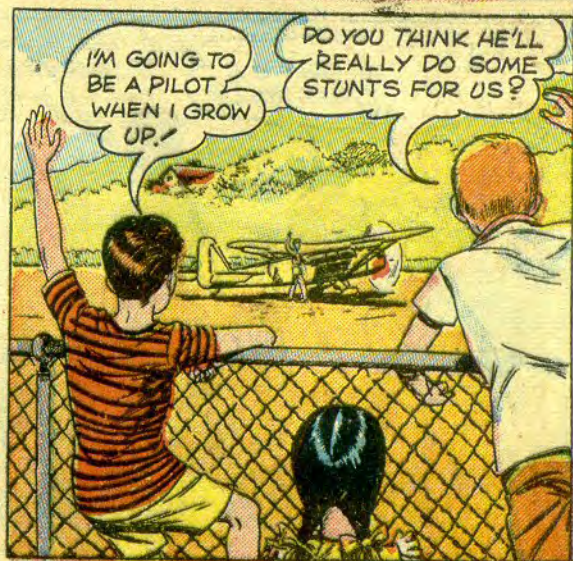
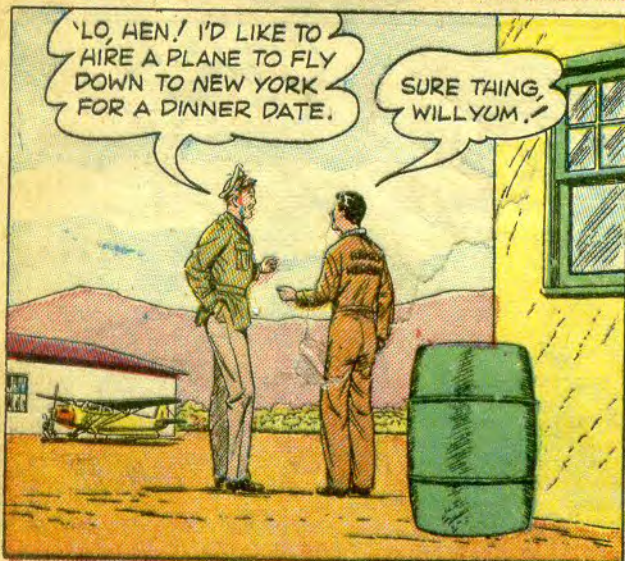
BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

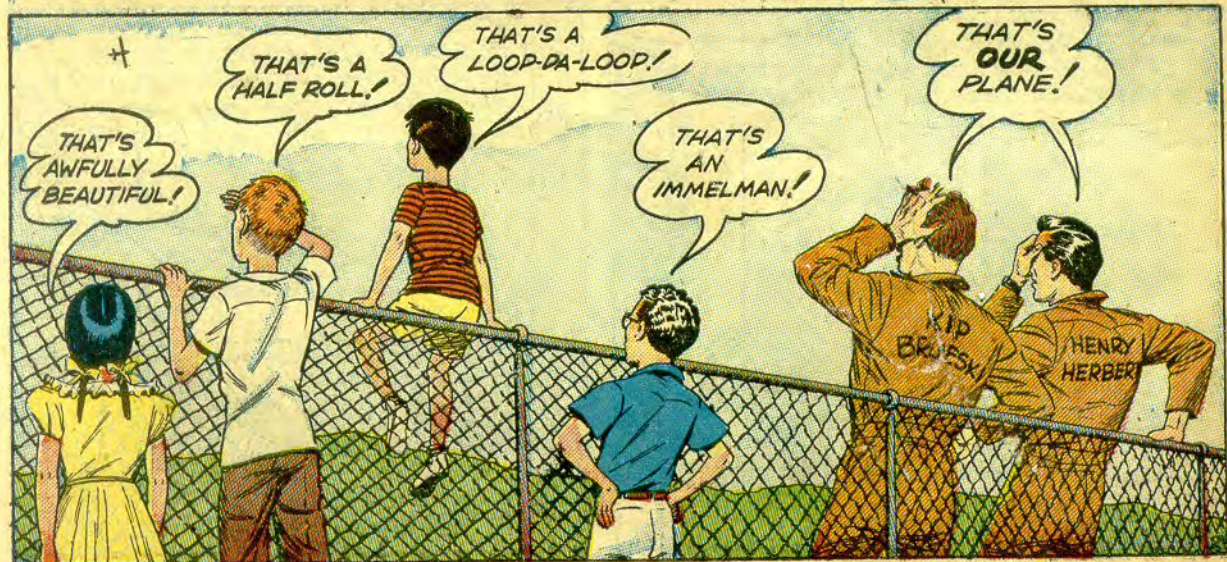
by MART BAILEY



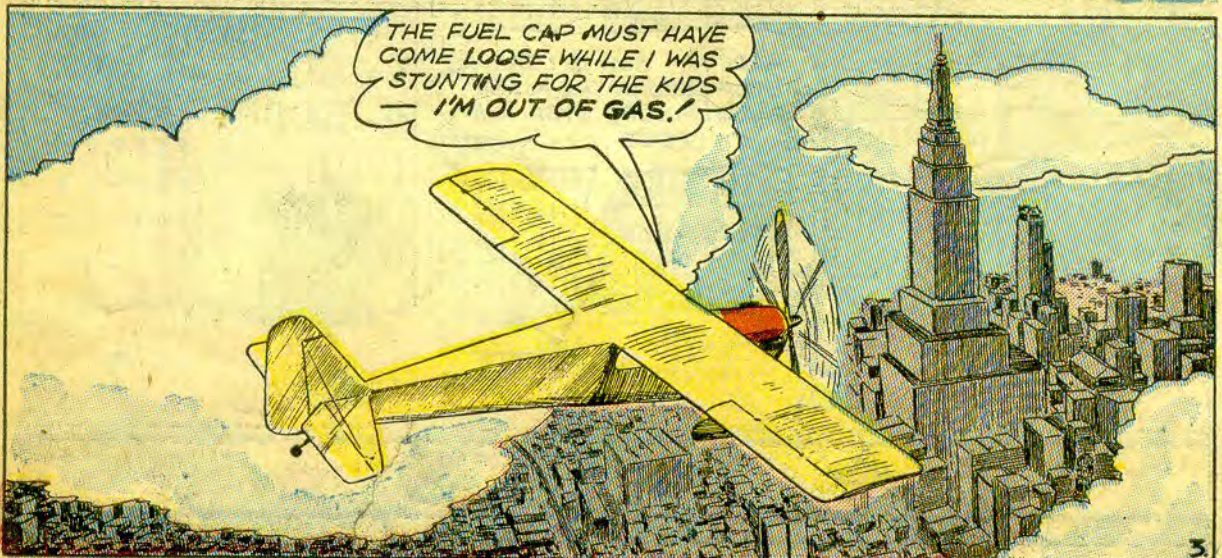
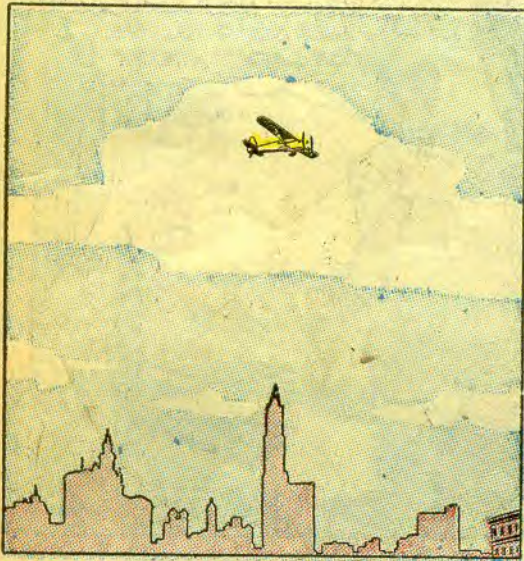
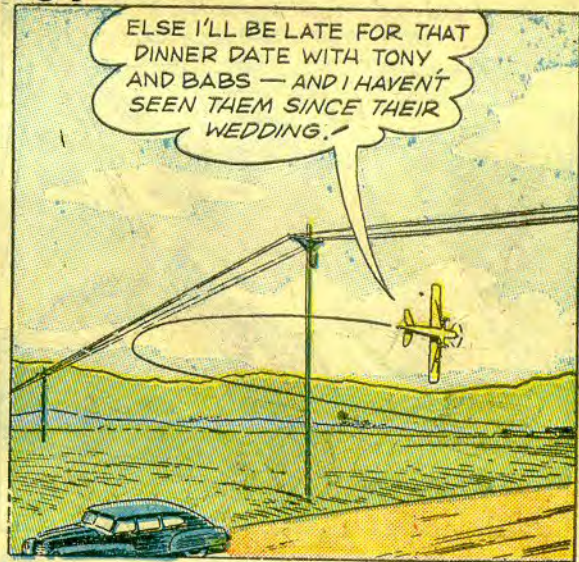
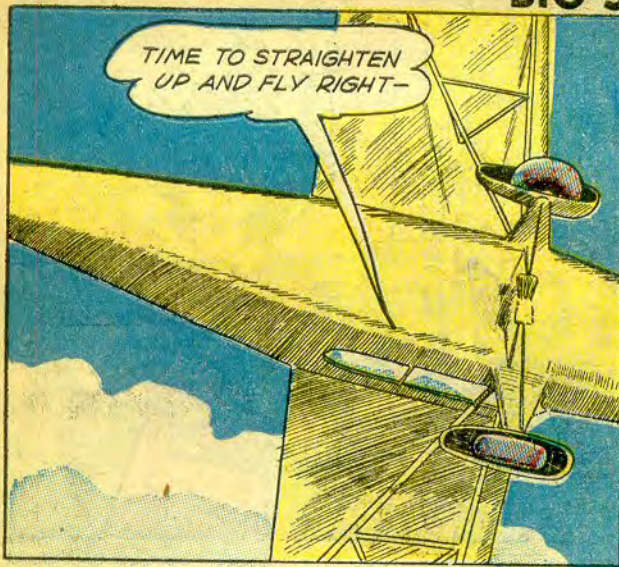
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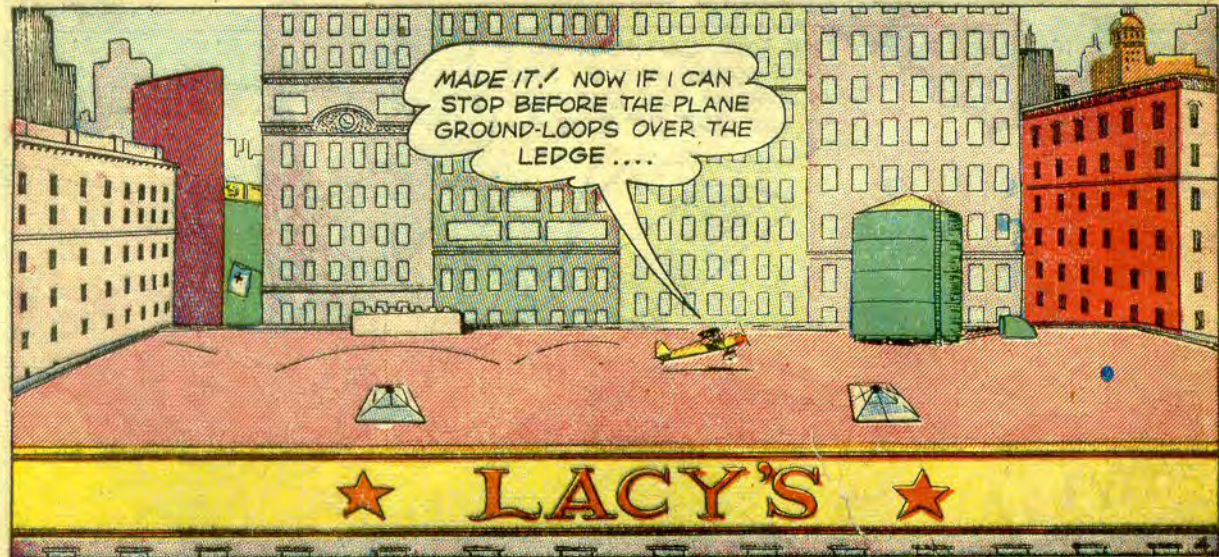
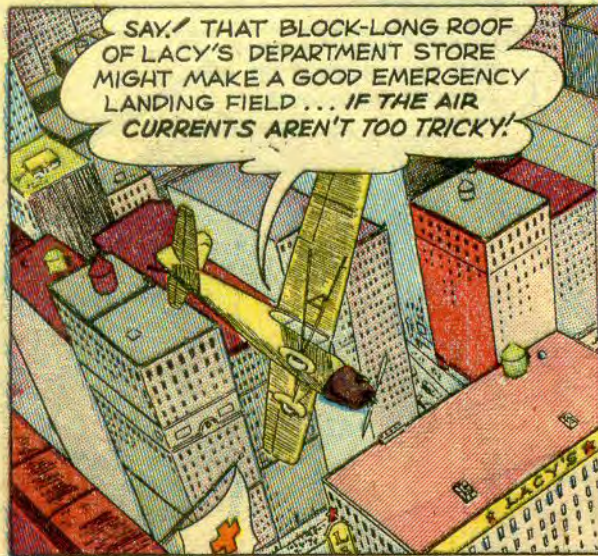
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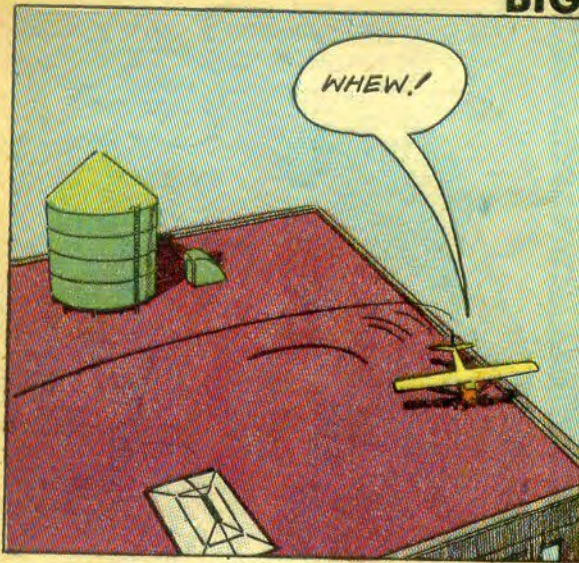
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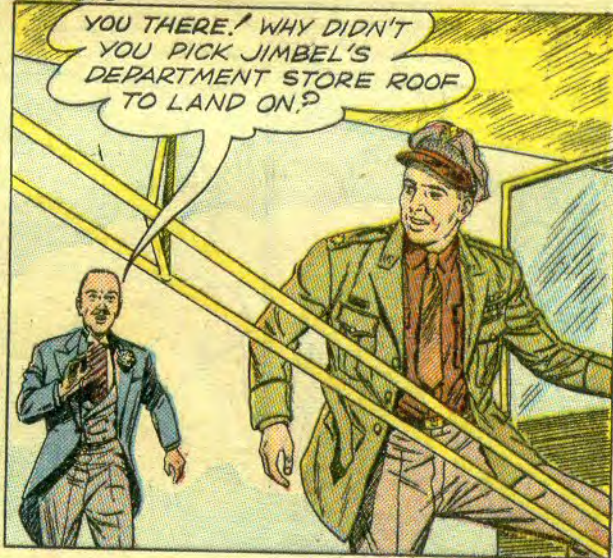
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



WHEW!



YOU THERE! WHY DIDN'T YOU PICK JIMBEL'S DEPARTMENT STORE ROOF TO LAND ON?

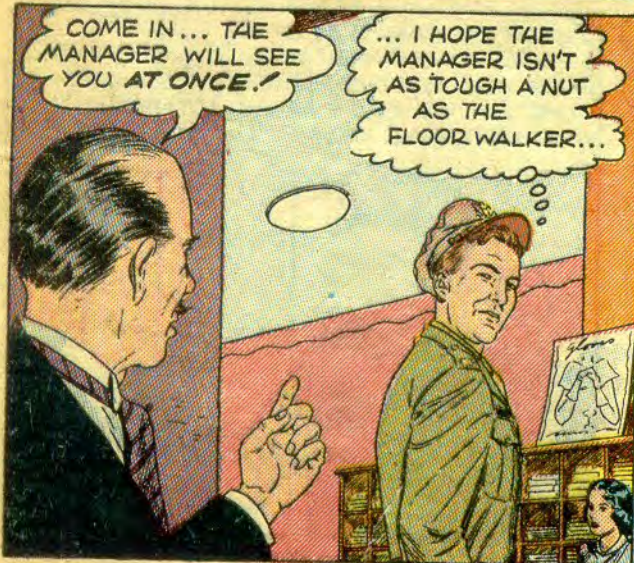


YO, BUD!... YOU IN CHARGE? I'D LIKE TO ARRANGE FOR SOMEONE TO WATCH THE PLANE TILL I CAN HAVE IT REMOVED...

HMM! YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE MANAGER!

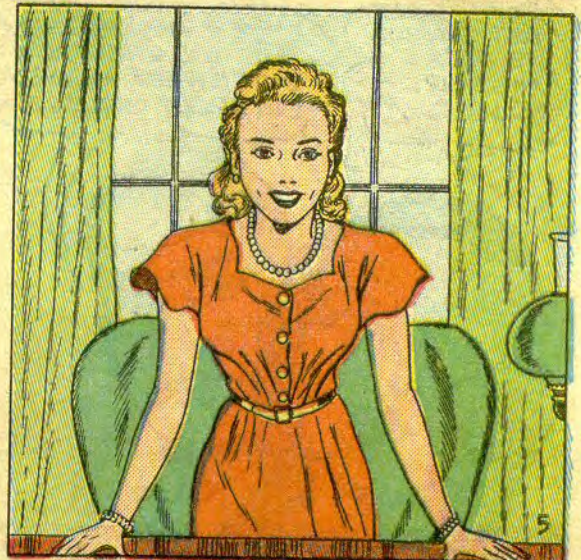


WAIT HERE... I SAALL INQUIRE WHETHER THE MANAGER CARES TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

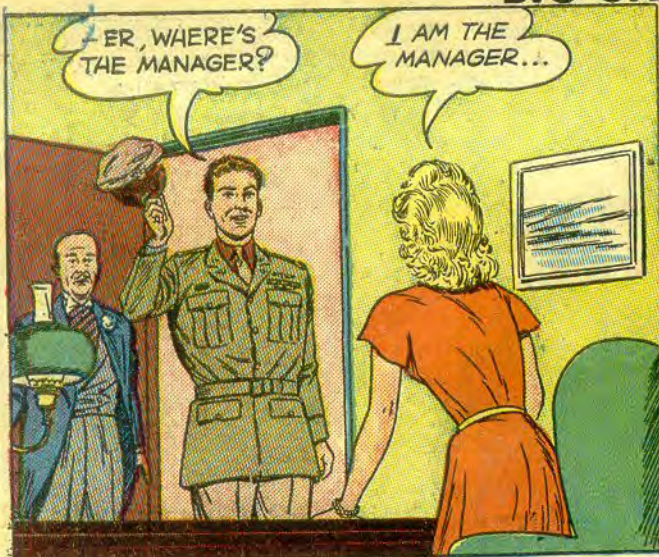


COME IN... THE MANAGER WILL SEE YOU AT ONCE!

... I HOPE THE MANAGER ISN'T AS TOUGH A NUT AS THE FLOOR WALKER...



BIG SHOT



ER, WHERE'S THE MANAGER?

I AM THE MANAGER...



WELL, WELL! WHAT D'YA KNOW!

AMAZING, ISN'T IT?



MEANWHILE AT THE TRENTS' APARTMENT.....

SWEET WILLYUM SIMPLY MUST BE FASCINATING! I'M SIMPLY DYING TO MEET HIM! SIMPLY DYING!

HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON, CYNTHIA!



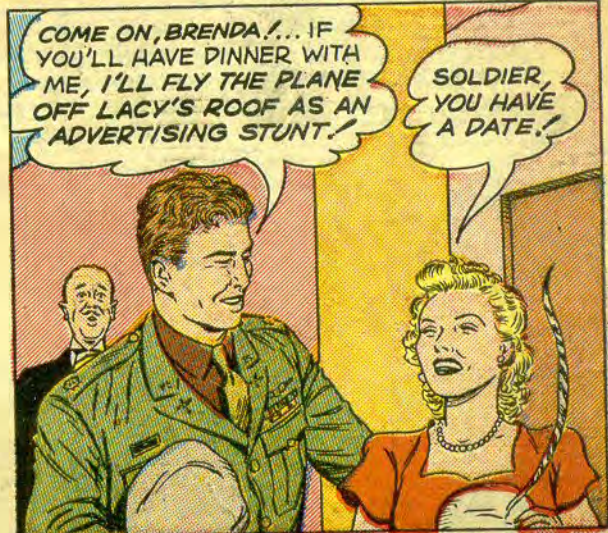
TONY, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS DELAYING WILLYUM SO LONG?...

HE MUST HAVE GOT WIND OF YOUR MATCH-MAKING, BABS!



BUT CYNTHIA IS SUCH A NICE GIRL—SO LOVELY!

SIMPLY FASCINATING! BUT YOU KNOW HOW SHY SWEET WILLYUM IS ABOUT GIRLS...



COME ON, BRENDA!... IF YOU'LL HAVE DINNER WITH ME, I'LL FLY THE PLANE OFF LACY'S ROOF AS AN ADVERTISING STUNT!

SOLDIER, YOU HAVE A DATE!

NEXT... DO OR DIE FOR LACY'S DEPT. STORE!



BUNK!

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practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

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WHAT'S MY SECRET?

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Charles Atlas

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Address

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